

Good Morning 487

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Pat has one word for you (and a gurgle) L.T.O. Wilson Leverage

PATRICIA, with her blue eyes and tuft of fair hair, can say just one word—"Dad"; but don't hold that against her, because it's quite an achievement for a young lady of nine months who has only seen her Dad once, when she was eight weeks old.

She sits on her mother's knee in the comfortable living-room at 5 Firthcliffe Mount, Liversedge, Yorks, looks at a big coloured picture of Leading Torpedo Operator Wilson Leverage, and gurgles the whole of her vocabulary again and again.

Wilson would be surprised to see her now, but he should get some idea from these pictures, for which she posed patiently, only holding us up once by coyly bending her toes when Nora (Mrs. Leverage) tried to put her shoes on.

Liversedge is looking much the same as ever, Wilson. The Shears Inn and Swan Hotel are both flourishing, while Six Lane Ends (we could only count four, but "locals" assured us otherwise) still boasts its garage, chip shop, and post office.

Your home is just as you left it, too, awaiting your re-

turn. That picture on the sideboard, the one of you and Nora on the mantelpiece, AND the long grass in the back garden, which should prove a task worthy of a submariner.

A few weeks ago, Douglas, that pal of yours off the "Indomitable," called with his wife and spent a day with Nora talking about the times when you and Doug. were together in the old craft. He is well, and your family is fine.

When "Good Morning" arrived at No. 5, your mother-in-law was there, and Mrs. Noden, Pat's great-grandmother, so we did a picture of four generations, and the print has gone to your wife.

The very young end of those generations, as you know, is age one on December 17th, and Nora hopes you might be home to see Pat puff her chubby cheeks to blow out the solitary candle on the cake.



Your father and George are looking forward to another Saturday night at the "Shears" with you, but personally we'd recommend the "Swan," because on their wall is a notice bearing the legend, "Owing to shortage of beer, customers are restricted to 18 pints per



Here is the Home Town, Liversedge, Yorks—a view as familiar to Torpedoman Wilson Leverage as the back of his hand.

JOHN ALLEN tells you how 'The Crowd Roared' when 'Dead' Speedway Idol rode to Victory

ROSE LIKE PHOENIX —SAVED THE ASHES

FOR hours a procession of sports fans had thronged through the entrances leading to the famed Stamford Bridge sports enclosure, home of Chelsea F.C. On this warm evening in the summer of 1931 they were not going to see the "Pensioners" play. A Test Match was the magnet—with Australia as England's opponents.

No, cricket was not being played at the Bridge. The players would not wear flannels. Instead, clad in leathern suits, padded to a marked degree, wearing crash-helmets, and mounted on high-powered bikes stripped of all unnecessary fittings, daring riders were going to hurtle round the cindered track trying their hardest to beat their opponents.

An expectant hush came over the crowd as the riders, tending their bikes in the pits, suddenly mounted their machines, a few preliminaries—and the first race was on.

Like men from Mars, crouching low over their bikes, sending cinders ripping over the banks into the crowd as they

slashed round the bends, these riders put everything they possessed into their work.

First England would slip into the lead. Then the Australians, as the result of brilliant riding, would draw level, perhaps take the lead.

Then came tragedy; at least, everyone supporting the English team felt sure that their side was doomed.

Frank Varey, of the famous Manchester team, and known to all as "Red Devil Varey," had been riding like a man inspired. He always gave a good display at Stamford Bridge, but that summer evening he thrilled the heart of the toughest spectator by his skill and determination.

When all seemed lost, he would open still further his throttle, slide dangerously around the bends, and be first past the finishing post.

"England'll never lose while Varey's riding," I heard one spectator say, as the Manchester man slipped into the lead. Then, as Varey was streaking round the cindered track at over fifty miles an hour, he overslid at one of the bends, hit the safety fence, and somersaulted on to the track.

To make matters worse, his own bike, roaring as if with excitement, thudded down upon him, and another rider, hot on Frank's tail, crashed into the figure sprawled out on the cinders.

Women in the crowd gasped and closed their eyes. Men, hardened to crack-ups on the track, were grim. It looked as if Frank Varey, idol of the speedway, had ridden his last race.

Carefully ambulance men laid the rider upon a stretcher and slowly they made their way to the dressing-room, while the vast stadium, that had but a few seconds before been the scene of loud cheers, was as quiet as a country church.

Nearly every one of the thirty-odd thousand spectators were convinced that they had seen Frank Varey killed. Then, like a dread omen, every light that lit the great arena snapped out. It was an eerie scene as we waited news of Frank Varey; with no races to watch, all people could do was to talk about the crash.

Then came the news of the star. He was not dead. Had just recovered consciousness in his dressing-room.

Loud cheers greeted this news. The fact that England

would probably be beaten was forgotten in the excitement of Varey's recovery.

At last the lights went up, and amid some good-hearted banter from the crowd, who had seen so much excitement that evening, the Test Match was resumed.

Quickly the Australians exploited their advantage. In a matter of a few minutes they had gained a substantial lead, and England followers were resigned to defeat—and that meant losing the Speedway "Ashes."

Then something happened which made every England fan in the Bridge shout himself hoarse with excitement.

Frank Varey was seen in the pits!

Suffering badly from his upset, and a bed-case if he but would accept the fact, Frank Varey, disobeying his doctor's orders, had picked his way to the pits to hear how his team were faring.

The news was enough for the tough guy of the cinders. Running his expert eye over his favourite machine, he saw that it was in perfect condition, swung into the saddle, and, with the cheers of the crowd ringing in his ears, drove out on to the track.

Like a man inspired, he rode the races of his life. Heartened by his genius, the other members of the England team rose to new heights.

They began to overhaul their opponents, slowly but surely, and when the final race had been won and the points were added up, it was discovered that England—by the narrow margin of two points—had won the match and the Test rubber.

And what do you think Frank Varey wanted most of all when the match had been won?

You're right—a nice comfortable bed and quietness!

Thoughts...

One on God's side is a majority.
Wendell Phillips.

If a man will begin with certainties, he shall end in doubts; but if he will be content to begin with doubts, he shall end in certainties.
Francis Bacon.

GOOD LORD! THIS CHAP KNOWS 100,000 PEERS

MR. HARRY DOUBLEDAY, daughter Augusta, who married the first Earl of Lovelace. Mr. Doubleday describes her as "a pretty, attractive woman of exceptional talents."

Unfortunately, he goes on, she devoted these talents to devising an 'infallible' system for betting on horse races, which, as might be expected, resulted in ruinous losses.

Then there was the second Earl of Massereene, who seems to have given people reason to doubt his sanity. There was a suit as to the validity of his will.

A witness stated that the Earl, on the death of his favourite dog, gave positive orders that 50 dogs should attend the funeral, and that all the dogs in the Parish should also be present.

Even in these days there are some "cards" among the peerage. Lord Faringdon opened his house as a Socialist training centre, times were when he set the Thames on fire at Hen-

ley by pouring petrol on the water.

Another time he heard a neighbour boasting of his burglar proof house. Gavin Henderson, as the peer was then, broke through all the precautionary devices, rifled the larder, and sent the proceeds to a hospital.

In due course the anonymous gift was acknowledged with gratitude in a local paper.

His great-grandfather obviously had the knack which has been handed down to the present peer. The old gentleman spent a great deal of his life in translating the Songs of Solomon into lowland Scots.

Once a friend stayed at Buscot Park, the Faringdon home, for the week-end.

On arrival the Butler handed him a printed telephone directory telling him how to get into contact with any part of the house.

He was instructed, for instance, to dial 26 for service, 32 for the Butler attached to the first mezzanine floor, and 47 for men-servants from the gatehouse.

Buscot has a private cinema, a swimming pool, a squash court, 17 guest bedrooms, and many halls.

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Mrs. Leverage writes to her husband: "All at home is as you left it, including (sorry to mention it) the long grass in the back garden...."

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

The Mystery of THE MIGHTY ROAD TO NOWHERE

OUTSIDE the cave we halted, feeling rather foolish.

"I am going back," said Sir Henry.

"Why?" asked Good.

"Because it has struck me that—what we saw—may be my brother."

This was a new idea, and we re-entered the cave to put it to the proof.

Sir Henry knelt down and peered into its face.

"Thank God," he said, with a sigh of relief, "it is not my brother."

Then I went and looked. The corpse was that of a tall man in middle life with aquiline features, grizzled hair, and a long, black moustache. The skin was perfectly yellow, and stretched tightly over the bones. Round the neck hung a yellow ivory crucifix. The corpse was frozen perfectly stiff.

QUIZ for today

1. A gittern is a bird, dance, musical instrument, dentist's drill, gas valve?
2. What is the correct name for a group of (a) peacocks, (b) pheasants?
3. For what girls' names are the following "short"? (a) Patty, (b) Minnie, (c) Sally.
4. Of what are the pipes of bagpipes made?
5. Which is bigger, Sardinia or Corsica?
6. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Tincture, Stickleback, Territory, Interrogate, Symphony, Staccato.

Answers to Quiz in No. 486

1. Fruit.
2. (a) Knot, (b) Grist.
3. (a) Florence, (b) Isabella, (c) Mary.
4. Three.
5. High plateau in Brazil.
6. Prevaricate, Polyanthus.

INTELLIGENCE TEST—No. 10

1. If 5 times 13 are not more than 67, write down 81, unless 6 times 9 are less than 54, in which case put 76.
2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Cheese, Butter, Eggs, Milk, Cream, Curds, Whey.
3. When Albert said "Slate," Herbert said "Boater." What word linked these two ideas in Herbert's mind?
4. Two cyclists start off to meet one another from towns which are several miles apart, one cyclist riding at 10 m.p.h. and the other at 12 m.p.h. At the instant of their departure a fly left the nose of the first cyclist, and flew at 30 m.p.h. to the second cyclist, and touched his nose. Turning round, it immediately returned to the first cyclist, and then back again to the second, and so on. After flying backwards and forwards in this way for half an hour the fly was finally squashed between the noses of the cyclists as they met and embraced. How far had the fly flown?

(Answers in No. 488.)

Answers to Test No. 9.

1. Granite is speckled in appearance, coloured, hard, of igneous origin, contains three ingredients, takes a high polish, and is crystalline. Chalk is none of these things, and in addition is of animal origin.
2. Shandy-gaff is a mixture of drinks; others are not.
3. "Green."
4. 49 days, for when it doubles itself next day it covers the pond.

"Who on earth can it be?" and buried them for a few minutes in a patch of snow to cool them.

"Can't you guess?" asked Good.

I shook my head.

"Why, the old Dom, Jose da Silvestra, of course—who else?"

"Impossible," I gasped, "he died three hundred years ago."

"And what is there to prevent his lasting for three thousand years in this atmosphere, I should like to know," asked Good. "If only the air is cold enough flesh and blood will keep as fresh as New Zealand mutton for ever, and Heaven knows it is cold enough here."

"Look here," he went on, stooping down and picking up a queer-shaped bone scraped at the end into a sharp point, "here is the 'clef bone' that he used to draw the map with."

We gazed astonished for a moment, forgetting our own miseries in this extraordinary sight.

"Ay," said Sir Henry, "and here is where he got his ink from," and he pointed to a small wound on the dead man's left arm.

There was no longer any doubt about the matter, which I confess for my own part perfectly appalled me. Gazing at him, my imagination could reconstruct the whole scene.

"Let us go," said Sir Henry in a low voice; "stay, we will give him a companion," and lifting up the dead body of the Hottentot, Ventvogel, he placed it near that of the old Dom.

Then leaving those two, the proud white man of a past age, and the poor Hottentot, to keep their eternal vigil in the midst of the eternal snows, we crept out of the cave into the welcome sunshine and resumed our path.

"Well, look; there it is!" and he pointed a little to our right.

Good and I looked accordingly, and there, winding away towards the plain, was what appeared to

be a wide turnpike road. Some-

how it did not seem particularly

unnatural that we should find a

sort of Roman road in this

strange land. We accepted the

fact, that was all.

"Well," said Good, "it must be

quite near us if we cut off to the

right. Hadn't we better be making

a start?"

For a mile or so we made our

way over boulders and across

patches of snow, till suddenly, on

reaching the top of the little rise,

there lay the road at our feet. It

was a splendid road cut out of the

solid rock, at least fifty feet wide,

and apparently well kept; but the

odd thing about it was that it

seemed to begin there. We walked

down and stood on it, but one

single hundred paces behind us, in

the direction of Sheba's breasts, it

vanished, the whole surface of the

mountain being strewn with boulders

interspersed with patches of snow.

The Flash of a Knife

"What do you make of that, Quatermain?" asked Sir Henry.

I shook my head, I could make nothing of it.



JANE

"I like to be a long way back from the screen, honey!"



KING SOLOMON'S MINES

By the courtesy of the executors of
RIDER HAGGARD

"I have it!" said Good; "the flash of light that passed just by road no doubt ran right over the his head.

Good sprang up with a profane exclamation, and so did I.

Standing there, not more than twenty paces from where I was, and ten from Good, were a group of men. They were very tall and copper-coloured, and some of them wore great plumes of black feathers and short cloaks of leopard skins. In front of them stood a youth of about seventeen, his hand still raised and his body bent forward. Evidently the flash of light had been a weapon, and he had thrown it.

(To be continued)

"Ah!" said Good, "here is lots of wood, let us stop and cook some dinner; I have about digested that raw meat."

Nobody objected to this, so leaving the road we made our way to a stream which was babbling away not far off, and soon had a goodly fire of dry boughs blazing. Cutting off some substantial hunks from the flesh of the antelope we had brought with us, we proceeded to toast them on the end of sharp sticks, and ate them with relish. After filling ourselves, we lit our pipes and gave ourselves up to enjoyment, which, compared to the hardships we had recently undergone, seemed almost heavenly.

Presently I missed Good, and looked to see what had become of him. I observed him sitting by the bank of the stream, in which he had been bathing. He had nothing on but his flannel shirt.

From a little bag he carried, he produced a pocket-comb in which was fixed a tiny looking-glass, and in this he surveyed himself. He felt his chin, on which was now the accumulated scrub of a ten days' beard. Then diving again into the bag he brought out a little pocket razor. At last he succeeded in getting the worst of the scrub off the right side of his face and chin, when suddenly I became aware of a

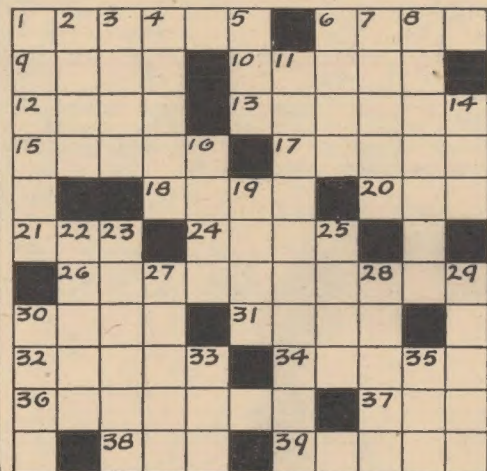
WANGLING WORDS—426

1. Insert eight consonants in: * * * E * * * * E, and make a common word.
2. Rearrange the letters of: THE POOR MAN, and KNIT AM WHEC, and get two famous sports grounds.
3. In the following four kinds of clouds the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? 286654, 476A754, 2535L54, N83B54.
4. Find the hidden automatic weapon in: He steals from the rich, but would not rob other people in the same circumstances as himself.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 425

1. NEVERTHELESS.
2. ARSENAL, WEMBLEY.
3. Square, Circle, Quadrilateral, Ellipse.
4. Sp-it-fir-e.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Gain.
- 6 Next.
- 9 One of U.S.A.
- 10 Customary.
- 12 Ran off.
- 13 With less flesh.
- 15 Provides.
- 17 Be absorbed.
- 18 Norfolk river.
- 20 Number.
- 21 Sheep.
- 24 Sailors.
- 26 Climbing staff.
- 30 Team.
- 31 Tight.
- 32 Turn away.
- 34 To the time.
- 36 Hawk.
- 37 Consume.
- 38 Old pronoun.
- 39 Diverges.

CLUES DOWN.

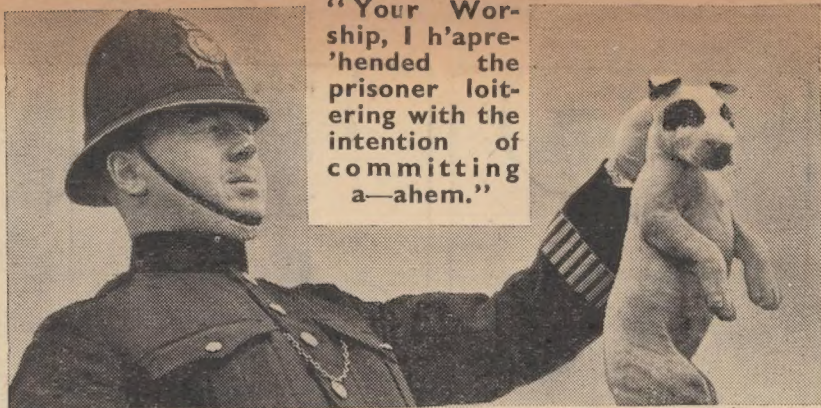
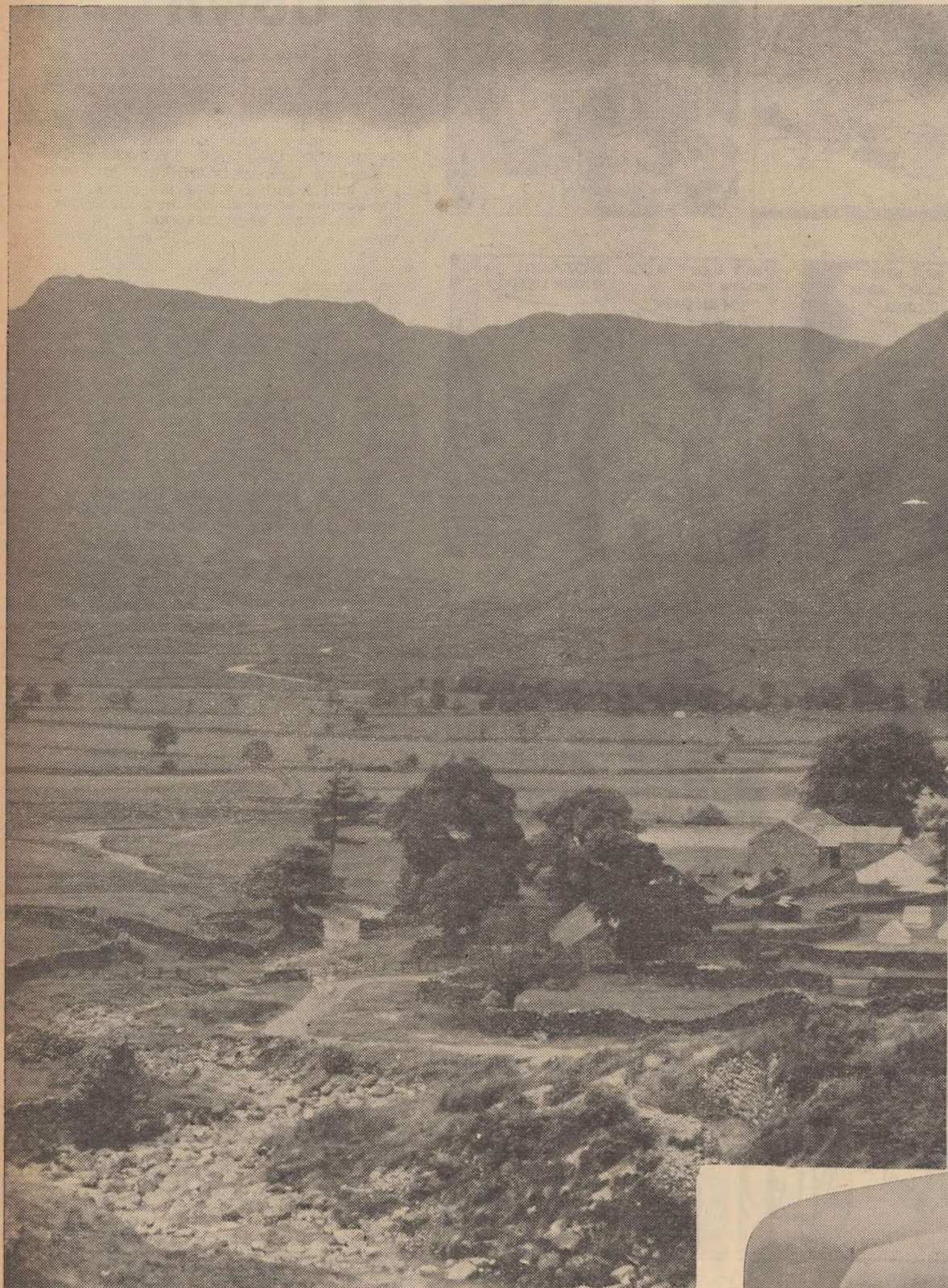
- 1 Silly talk.
- 2 One's task.
- 3 Boy's name.
- 4 Fastidious.
- 5 Wooden vessel.
- 6 Air.
- 7 Skin flaments.
- 8 Mournful.
- 11 Acrobatic feat.
- 14 Boy's name.
- 16 Cloy.
- 19 Speak noisily.
- 22 Forgo.
- 23 Senior.
- 25 Knock out.
- 27 Scottish county.
- 28 Aquatic animal.
- 29 Sort of skirt.
- 30 Benefit.
- 33 Essay.
- 35 Boy's name.

SPARK NATAL
TOW IMAGINE
ELAND TORTS
PIKE HUGE
TEASER DOB
SI ROWAN B
ACE MELONS
LAGED TACT
LANGOR REVUE
DERANGE ARE
SWEDE PULES

**Good
Morning**

This England

It's Langdale, in the heart of the Cumberland fells. And as it's a fine, crisp morning : " Fall out, the fell-runners ! "



"Your Wor-ship, I h'apre-'hended the prisoner loit-ering with the intention of committing a—ahem."



"You big gorilla, that's milk you're drinking. And to think this used to be a tough outfit !"

★
" Dicki," one of the fifteen glamorous Cover Girls in Columbia's super-duper musical of that name.
★



"Do I hear din-din, as they so nauseatingly call it? Let's hope it's something a fellow can get his two teeth into !"

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"None of my kittens were allowed to be finicky."

